

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

# The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 9.]

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

[PRICE 1½d.

## A REMARKABLE TALE.

BY A POLISH UNITARIAN.

BEFORE we narrate the account of a remarkable example of God's providence during the journey of the celebrated Christopher Crellius, as it is found in the papers of his son Samuel Crellius, we may say by way of introduction, that about two hundred years ago, the whole of the Unitarians were expelled from that unhappy country, Poland. Poland has witnessed many sad and sickening scenes which has wrung from the heart of some of her bravest and most virtuous children, the cry of anguish and injustice, scarcely paralleled in modern times. About three hundred years ago, Unitarianism took root in Poland, and flourished for nearly a century. Churches, colleges, and schools, and also printing establishments were founded, and used for the general purposes of education, and the reformed and Unitarian religion. Many of the nobility of Poland, and her most worthy and learned men for a time sustained our cause in that country. But the Jesuits gained the ascendant. The King and government of Poland became less tolerant. The star of freedom declined, and the banner of religious liberty became furled in that country long before any Russian reigned there. The Unitarians became subject to State prosecutions. John Tyscoviciscus was in a most inhuman manner publicly mutilated for his Unitarianism, and then put to death. The churches and colleges were closed, the printing establishments and schools were demolished, the ministers and professors were stigmatized and banished, and an order was issued by the government that every Unitarian in Poland must change his religion or leave

the country at once; and a noble and honourable band of men, women, and children, from babyhood to patriarchal years, left their fields white for harvest, their rich orchards, and fattened flocks, their fatherland, all their property and homes, and wandered away to seek a home in some strange land, rather than betray their Saviour with lies, or desert their convictions and their God. Among this undaunted and holy band of confessors was the celebrated Christopher Crellius, who came over to England. His son Samuel narrates this wonderful escape of his father, in the "*Monthly Repository*," page 633 of 1816. Samuel Crellius wishes happiness to H. V. O.

I will to gratify your desire communicate to you in writing the remarkable event which you listened to with pleasure: When my father, Christopher Crellius, with other Unitarians, was driven from Poland, in the year 1666, he became acquainted in London with a pious woman, who was instructed by John Biddle, and was called Stuckey. This woman spoke to my father in this manner—"You, my dear Crellius! wander now an exile, and in poverty—a widower—burthened with four children; give me two of these, a son and a daughter, in England, and I will take care of their education." My father thanked her cordially, and promised to consider it. When returned to Silesia, he consulted his friends on the subject, and departed with his eldest son and daughter in the year 1668 from Breslau, through Poland towards Dantzic, to embark from there to Holland, and so to England. This voyage my father undertook with his own waggon and horses. His driver was the pious Paul Sagosky, from whom I heard an account of the event in



Brandenburgh, Prussia, the year 1704, when he was far advanced in age.

It was afternoon, the sun declining to the west, when my father, only twelve Polish miles from Dantzic, reached a tavern, in which he resolved to tarry that night, because he saw before him a large wood, which he could not pass through by daylight, and he deemed it unadvisable to enter it towards night, uncertain if he should find another house, and moreover, was not well acquainted with the road. They stopped then at the tavern, and brought the waggon into a large stable, and fastened the horses to the manger. The landlady—her husband being from home—received them with civility. She gave orders to take the baggage from the waggon, and bring it into the inner room, where she invited my father with the children to the table. Meanwhile, the driver, when he had fed the horses, explored the spacious stable, not forgetting to scrutinize with careful anxiety every corner, because the taverns in Poland, at such a distance from cities and villages as this was, are seldom a safe refuge for travellers, and there is always apprehensions of robbers and murderers. In this search he discovered in one corner of the stable, a large heap of straw, of which he moved a part with a stick, when he perceived that this straw covered a large hole which emitted an offensive smell, while the straw was tainted with blood. On this he directly returned to the inner room, mentioned to my father in secret what he had seen, and saying that he doubted not that the landlord was a robber and a murderer.

My father left the room directly, and having verified the fact, ordered directly to bring the baggage again on the waggon, and harness the horses.

When the landlady observed these preparations, she showed her surprise, and dissuaded my father to proceed on his journey through such a large wood, in a cold night, with two young children, and engaged that she would endeavour to render his stay as comfortable as it was in her power; but he replied, that something very interesting had struck his mind, which rendered it impossible for him to remain there, and compelled him to proceed on. He thanked her for

her civilities, went with his children into the waggon, and departed.

When they were arrived in the wood, they met the landlord driving home a load of wood, who accosted my father, "Sir," said he, "I beg of you, what moves you to enter this wood, so large and extensive, and cut in two or three cross roads, in the fall of the evening; at the approach of night, I doubt not that you will lose the right road, and remain in the wood during the night. You endanger your health, and that of these young children is in jeopardy; return with me to my tavern, there you may refresh yourself and your horses, spend the night comfortably, and continue your journey in the morning." My father answered that he was obliged to proceed on his journey, however unpleasant it was. The landlord urged his entreaties with greater importunity, and approaching my father's waggon, and taking hold of it, he renewed to dissuade a further process, with a lowered brow and a grim countenance, and insisted that they should, and must return; on which my father ordered the driver to lay his whip over the horses, to disengage himself from the dangerous man, in which he succeeded.

They then proceeded on. My father, sitting in the waggon, sent up his prayers in an audible voice unto his God, as was his usual custom in his travels, and recommended himself and those dear to him, in this perilous situation to his providential care, in which devotion he was accompanied by the driver and his two children. Meanwhile the sun was set, and increasing darkness prevailed; they lost the road, entered a deep swamp, in which soon the waggon stuck, the horses being too fatigued to draw it out again. My father and the driver jumped from the waggon in the mud, strengthened every nerve, and animated the horses with words and the whip, but all in vain; the waggon could not be stirred one single inch. My father became apprehensive that he must pass the night in that dreary spot, and that he or his driver should be compelled to leave the wood next morning and search for assistance, in the nearest village, without even a prospect of success; meanwhile nothing was left him but silent ejaculations to his God.



After having covered his children as well as he could, and secured them against a rigorous cold night, he walked to a little distance from his waggon, and employed himself in sending up his prayers to his God, when he saw a man of small stature, in a grey or whitish coat, with a stick in his hand, approaching him. After mutual salutations, the man asked my father what he did there, and why he travelled in the night, and especially through such a wood. My father explained to him the whole, and begged him to assist him and his driver to try once more, if, with his assistance, they might draw the waggon and horses from the mire of that swamp, and bring them into the right road. "I will try," said he, "if I can effect something," upon which he approached the waggon, and placed his stick under the fore wheels, and appeared to lift these a little; the same he did to the back wheels, and then put his hand to the waggon to draw it with my father and the driver, out of the mire. He called at the same instant to the horses, which without any apparent difficulty, left the swamp, and drew the waggon upon solid ground. After this, the stranger conducted them into the right road, from which they had wandered and told them to keep now that road, and neither deviate from it, to the right or left. "And when," said he, "thou shalt arrive at the end of this wood, you will discover at some distance a light in one of the nearest houses of the village, which you must pass. In that house lives a pious man, who although it is so late, will receive you civilly, and give you lodgings for the night. My father cordially thanked this man for his assistance and instructions, and when he turned his face from him to put his hand in his pocket and offer him some money, he had disappeared. My father looked towards him and saw nobody. He looked all around, and even searched awhile for him, but could not find him again; then he called with a loud voice, "Where art thou my friend, return, I pray thee towards me, I have yet something to say," but he received no answer, neither saw he his deliverer again. Surprised and astonished, he waited yet a long while, ascended his waggon, and thanked God for this favour. They arrived in safety

through the wood, and saw a light in that house of which the stranger had spoken. My father knocked softly at the window, upon which the master of the house opened it, and looked out to see who there was. My father asked him if he could give him lodgings? He replied, by asking how they came so late and why they proceeded on their journey after midnight, not far from day-break? My father developed the reason in a few words, and was then amicably received. When at table, my father gave him a more circumstantial account, and asked him if he had ever seen, or known, such a man as he who conducted him to the right road in the wood, and of whose countenance and clothes he gave a description. He answered that he knew not such a man, but that he knew very well that the tavern at the other side of the wood, was no safe place for travellers. After a while, he looked accidentally to one of the corners of the room not far from the table, where he saw some books on a bench. Taking one of these, and looking into it, he saw it was a book of a Polish Unitarian. This curiosity alarmed the master of the house; but as soon as my father perceived this, he said to him, "Keep good courage, friend, I shall not bring you into any difficulty for that book, neither inform against you for heresy, and to give you more confidence in this assurance, I must tell you that I too am a Unitarian. Then he told him his name, which by fame was known to his landlord, who, now full of joy, was delighted to receive such a guest in his house. My father adored the ways of God's providence in bringing him to this place. This man was a linen weaver, who, when the Unitarians were banished from Poland remained here for several years hidden through the favour of a nobleman, the lord of his village, and liberal-minded in religion. He would not permit my father to start next day, but persuaded him to tarry with him a few days more, and treated my father, with his children and the driver and horses very hospitably.

There are more examples of a particular providence in regard to Polish Unitarians, of which I lately told you some, and it would be a desirable thing if all these had been directly recorded by those who could bear witness to them.



## A BRIEF SKETCH OF A FEW MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

DURING the first centuries of the Christian era many of the first teachers of Christianity suffered death at the hands of those who were opposed to the spread of the new religion. We can safely claim the martyrs of the first two hundred years of Christianity as Unitarians, and add them, one and all, to the honourable band of modern times, who preferred God's truth and a good conscience to life. At some future time we will give an account of the sufferings of the early Unitarians, and the persecutions they bore. At present we wish to draw attention to a few names that belong to the last three hundred years, or the martyrdoms of Unitarians in modern times—so we begin with

LEWIS HETZER.

He belonged to Switzerland, and was among the first reformers of the 16th century, who rejected the doctrine of the Trinity, as a human invention, and corruption of Christianity. He was known as a man of great learning, and well skilled in the Scriptures. He was an excellent writer, and powerful speaker, and defended by both tongue and pen the doctrine of ONE GOD, and that Jesus Christ was subordinate to the Father. He was not allowed to continue this course of teaching long; freedom of speech was unknown to that age, except by fearless men, willing to lay down their lives for this privilege of our nature. He paid the debt of his open advocacy of the Unity of God, and for attacking the doctrine of the Trinity, at Constance. He was sentenced, and this was carried into execution on the 4th of April, 1529. It was hoped by his persecutors that he would renounce his views in the face of death. He was allowed to call his friends together, when instead of recanting his doctrine he bid them all affectionately farewell, and commended them to God. After which he was led out of prison, and put to death. So died Lewis Hetzer, one of the first victims of that false doctrine of the Trinity, that has caused more bloodshed and strife in the Christian Church than all other kinds of differences put together. We now introduce

to your notice a worthy man—an English Confessor—who perished in prison for his avowal of our faith,

JOHN BIDDLE.

As we gave a fair outline of his history in our pages, some time ago, we now briefly state, he was master of the Grammar School, in the city of Gloucester, a man of a most unimpeachable moral character, a pious man, and profound student of the Scriptures. The result of his scriptural reading was a disbelief in the doctrine of the Trinity. *To this conclusion he came without seeing one Unitarian publication but the Bible itself, for it is pre-eminently Unitarian from beginning to end.* He soon made known his views, and was cast into prison at the very time he was afflicted with a dangerous fever. The tract he had written was seized and burnt by the hangman. The Westminster divines sought the parliament to put him to death. He suffered several years of imprisonment. During the Protectorate, Cromwell had him released, and sent him for a time to Scilly, out of the way of his enemies, and soon allowed him to return home. After the death of Cromwell he was again dragged to prison from a small congregation he had been the means of gathering together. He felt his health giving way, and said he thought his last imprisonment would be his death. Just before he died in prison, feeling himself as it were harassed out of existence, he said, he was not at all dispirited, he had borne his testimony for the truth, "his work was done," and he passed away, in the 47th year of his age, from the power of his persecutors, to where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest, on the 22nd of September, 1662. How much better it would be for our cause, if we all felt more of his spirit, emulated his zeal, bore our testimony more openly and constantly, as he did, for the truth. May the name of John Biddle arouse us from all lethargy, and make us faithful in our day and generation to the sacred trust we have in hand. We pass on to another name in the scroll of martyr's fame,

JOHN VALENTINE GENTILE.

He was born in Naples, and persecuted for his avowal of Unitarianism from city to city. John Calvin stirred up Geneva



against him, and had him cast into prison. Death, or the recantation of his opinions, was placed before him; and in the hour of temptation he gave way, and signed the recantation. He was exposed to the most humiliating process in Geneva, after his recantation, as a part of the penance due to him for ever holding false doctrines, and to deter others from becoming Unitarians in Geneva. He was stripped to his shirt, and led through the city barefooted, with a torch in his hand, and made to cast his own writings into a fire to be burnt. After this he left Geneva, and sought refuge in Poland, joined the Unitarian Church, and expressed his remorse at being unfaithful in the hour of danger. He completely redeemed himself in the eyes of his friends. He was pursued by letters of Calvin, calling him all sorts of bad names, "beast," "monster," etc. He went to Berne, and was seized for his Unitarian profession, and cast into prison. He was sentenced to be beheaded, but offered a pardon if he would renounce his views. He said to his judges, "No." He was led out and executed on the 9th of September, 1566; and before he laid his head on the block, he said, "Many have suffered for the glory of the Son, but none, so far as I know, have died for the glory and superiority of the Father." So died John Valentine Gentile, but he has not been solitary in his death for the profession of ONE, ONLY, TRUE GOD. A few years after this a sad and sickening sight was seen in Poland, which was the beginning of trouble in that land, the inhuman execution of

#### JOHN TYSKOVICIUS.

For many years the Polish Unitarians enjoyed peace and prosperity, but they enjoyed it grudgingly. The Jesuits succeeded in prejudicing the court. By-and-by a persecution was commenced against a functionary in the state, John Tyskovicus. It was insinuated he had not kept his accounts correctly, and was requested to verify them by oath. He was grieved at this distrust, yet consented, and was about to take the usual oath in the name of Almighty God. His persecutors insisted he must swear by the Triune-deity. He said he would not. He was conscientious. He was requested to swear

by the Image of Christ, and a crucifix was presented to him. He felt insulted at such a request. He was indignant that his veracity should be questioned, his honesty disputed, and his religion at the same time insulted by such a proposition. He was stung to madness. He threw the crucifix down they had forced into his hands, and trampled upon it, and said he knew no such God as they proposed to him. The Catholics instituted proceedings against him for contempt of the Trinity and their images. The case was carried before different tribunals. His enemies gained a complete victory, and he was condemned to have his tongue pierced for his alleged blasphemy; to have his hands and feet cut off for having thrown down and trodden upon the crucifix; to be beheaded for contumacy and rebellion; and all his body to be finally burnt for his heretical opinions. This horrible sentence was executed, in all its details, at Warsaw, 252 years ago, on the 16th of November, 1611. We may add from about that time in Poland, the Catholics began to have the affairs of the country in their hands. The star of liberty declined; the banner of freedom became furled; and things went on from bad to worse; and Poland now presents the pitiable spectacle it does, in the hands of a foreign despotism, much through the inherent folly and persecution commenced by its own people against its own citizens. It would fill many volumes to detail the sufferings of the

#### POLISH UNITARIANS.

We would simply say that thousands of them were driven away at the beginning of the seventeenth century from their homes; they were deprived of their property in innumerable cases. They had to leave their flocks and herds, their houses and land, and become exiles, or join some of the trinitarian Churches of Poland. Some went to Holland, others to Transylvania, or wherever they saw a door of mercy open to receive them. They were, in many cases, driven from city to city, and from country to country, till the brief span of life was exhausted, and they left this testimony behind, they suffered for conscience' sake, and became worthy of the band around the throne, who "came out of great tribulation."



We may here observe that Unitarians who fled from persecution abroad, were not always safe even among us in England:

GEORGE VAN PARRIS, who came to settle in England, and practise as a surgeon, in London, though a man of a very pious and strictly moral life (this is affirmed by a Catholic writer of that period), was cast into prison for saying that "God the Father was the only true God." Proceedings were taken against him at Lambeth, on the 6th of April, 1551, before Cranmer, Ridley, and Coverdale, and six Commissioners. We are almost ashamed to write that those men were implicated in putting a stranger to death, yet so it was, that the age they lived in knew so little of the chief grace of the Christian religion, charity, and had so fully developed the spirit of hate and sectarian bitterness. It is attested by the following entry in King Edward the Sixth's Journal. "1551, April 7th. A certain Arian, of the strangers, a Dutchman, was, after long disputations, condemned to the fire." He was not even able to speak, or understand our language, for on his trial an interpreter had to act between him and the judges. What danger could there be of such a man leading the people of England astray. Through his interpreter, he declared to his judges, he thought it was no heresy to call God the Father the only true God (Jesus Christ did so in his prayer); and on being told it was heresy, and asked whether he would retract, and abjure it, he replied "*No.*" They sentenced him to death, and petitioned the King he should be executed as a "child of the devil, and an enemy of all righteousness." The people made intercession for him, but the priests foiled the attempt. So he was led out to Smithfield, on the 25th of April, 1551, and suffered with great constancy, kissing the stake and the faggots which were to destroy him, forgiving his murderers by this form of affection. This Unitarian's death—a man who was a complete stranger and foreigner, and so pious and excellent a man, says Bishop Burnet, "Cast a great blemish on the reformers. It was said they only condemned cruelty when it was exercised on themselves, but were ready to practise it when they had power. The Catholics said when

Cranmer and Ridley suffered, this was a retaliation on them by a just Providence that dispenses all things justly to all men." The same party, Cranmer, etc., caused the death of Jane Bocher, by burning, at Smithfield, because her views did not comport with theirs, or the Athanasian creed. We do not claim this lady as a Unitarian; her ideas were more of the Gnostic character, than the simplicity of Unitarianism; but we name her in passing, as another proof of the mischief of the doctrine of the Trinity, and the wickedness that has been committed to support its authority. Trinitarianism has spared no age or sex. The Unitarian,

CATHARINE VOGEL, the wife of a goldsmith, Alderman Vogel, of Cracow, was tried before a church court in that city, and condemned for her Unitarianism, and burnt to death in the Market Place, A. D. 1539. See them leading an old lady, tottering with years, yet firm in faith, eighty years of age, conveying her to the stake. She had denied that the Son of God was begotten from eternity. No person with a grain of sense, who understands the terms—*begotten* and *eternity*—can believe any such thing, any more than he could believe a part to be equal to the whole. A most profligate fellow, the name of Gamrat, was bishop of Cracow at the time, and he urged, and had his wicked wish realised in her death. She remained firm, expressing her faith in the existence of *one God*, and died with heroic courage amid the flames of the faggots, and the conquering shouts of the orthodox gathered round in the market place, at the patriarchal age of fourscore. Some of our forerunners in Unitarianism have died by fire, and some by water. There was one John Caper, who at an advanced age, became a Unitarian. He had been twenty-eight years the Pastor of a he changed his sentiments, he desired to Trinitarian Church at Meseritz. After be re-baptized, and this was done in a pond at Smigal. He presided as Pastor over the church of Smigal for some time. He was finally taken and drowned, it is said, in the same pond by his enemies. But as this was a piece of private ruffianism, and murder, of this good Unitarian Pastor, we will tell you the tale of the end of



JULIUS TREVISANUS  
and

FRANCIS DE RUEGO,

who for their Unitarianism, were legally executed by drowning. In 1546, their church, because of its Unitarian character, was broken up in Venice, and the people fled. These two men were caught and imprisoned for a great number of years. They continued during their confinement to hold the same views, and at last it was resolved to do with them as it was the custom at Venice to drown heretics, to drown those two men. Picture to your minds the waters of the Adriatic, and the dark hour of the night, it was midnight. Two Venetian boats, death boats, are on the waters. The two prisoners are seated, while the boatmen row along the water. A priest too, is in the boat, to act as confessor, and can save them if they will recant. No recantation from these two brave men. "Row on boatmen, beyond the Two Castles, the place of execution." And there the foul deed, in the dark hour of midnight, according to church law, must be done. We know boatmen, with no profession of religion, who tarry in stormy nights, by the side of the ocean, who watch the waters without hire or fee, all night long, while the north sea rages with storm, if so be their unpaid waiting may save some poor fellow, countryman or foreigner, from a watery grave. It is well God has put some grains of natural religion in the heart of man, and how beautifully it contrasts with the unnatural religion of many churches. God's religion watches all night long, through the storm, and seeks to save the friend or foe of our land. It asks not who he is, orthodox or heterodox, it answers the cry of distress, and saves. These two boats and priest, on the Venetian waters, illustrate the religion of some churches. Their prisoners are weighted with heavy stones, that they may sink down to the depths of the sea. The two boats of the church come together, a plank is laid from boat to boat, Julius and Francis are lifted up, placed on the plank, "Now will you recant?" "No," "No." Brave, true men! The boatmen are commanded to row out from each other,—off goes the plank splash into the water, down, down, to the bottom of the sea go the two martyrs; a

babbling of the waters, and in a minute all is calm, the church has done its dark night's work, and the spirits of those men are ferried to heaven by angels, while the Venetian boatmen row the priest ashore. "Yes, reader, we have a long, sad tale yet to tell of martyrs for our cause; and though we are not called upon to bear witness in this age, in this way, we are called upon to bear witness for the truth, the sublime truths of the gospel. It has been truly said, and it is a saying that prepares for difficulties in our task, and nerves us for danger in our profession,—“There is always a height above the world, to which if we ascend, we will find it for a season a scaffold, and if the headsman is not there with his axe, there is some one there with his hatred.”

(To be continued.)

## THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY

CLAIMING TO BE

A "GOD-SENT MISSIONARY,"

TO TEACH THE NATIONS THE

GREAT TRUTHS OF SLAVERY.

From the *Richmond Examiner*, 28th May, 1863.

THE establishment of the Confederacy is verily a distinct reaction against the whole course of the mistaken civilization of the age. And this is the true reason why we have been left without the sympathy of the nations, until we conquered that sympathy with the sharp edge of our sword. For "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," we have deliberately substituted Slavery, Subordination, and Government. The social and political problems which rack and torture modern society we have undertaken to solve for ourselves, in our own way, and upon our own principles. That among equals equality is right; among those who are naturally unequal, equality is chaos; that there are slave races born to serve, master races born to govern. Such are the fundamental principles which we inherit from the ancient world, which we lifted up in the face of a perverse generation that has forgotten the wisdom of its fathers; by those principles we live, and in their defence we have shown ourselves ready to die. Reverently we feel that our Confederacy is a God-sent



missionary to the nations, with great truths to preach. We must speak them boldly; and whoso hath ears to hear let him hear.

If we had been crushed in this mighty struggle it would have been truly a judgment of heaven against us and against our cause. If we had gained that cause easily, and it were without sanctifying it with such a baptism of sacrificial blood, and if the policy of foreign nations had even induced them to interpose in our behalf, and so saved us from this agony and bloody sweat, our position at this day had not been so high and clear; we should neither so fully apprehend the duty nor possess so completely the power to start in our proud career. We should then have had "spectators," patrons, and intermeddlers. We should never have lifted our thoughts up to the height of our great argument, and our national life would have been but a half life, an abortionate compromise.

We start fair when our soldiers shall have sheathed their bloody weapons; then will come the task of our sages and statesmen in building up society and uttering by word and act the truths which are at its base, and thank God the Confederates have some statesmen and thinkers up to the mark and level of the situation. There are men in these Confederate States who have long deeply felt and earnestly striven to express, though timidly and speculatively, on what foundations of fact, with what corner agents of principle, our social situation was one day to be built up fair and bright. Now is the time. Let them speak in no apologetic tone, nor place us at their peril, in any deprecautions attitude. This people has won the right surely "to be let alone." They will accept no deduction in politics, in literature, in philosophy; they will not follow but lead, not borrow, but lend. They are more than content with their own principle of morals and way of life, and will stand upon it to the end, so help them God.

The Out-acted Truthfulness of the Two Thousand Ejected Clergy, in 1662, at the sacrifice of Worldly Means and Position—A Noble Example.

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## GODLIKENESS.

WHEN a house is being built, the plans and criticisms may be various. Different architects will give different judgments upon the materials, the drawings and the *modus operandi*. But when the edifice is completed; when the planner, the stone-cutter and carpenter, and finisher and furnisher have all done their several tasks, there is no dissent in the judgment of the world.

So it is with the building of that nobler temple of God, the character of man. The sects may debate upon the plans, the materials, and the scaffoldings; the work, as it goes on, may excite a variety of feelings as to its merits: but when the life of manhood or womanhood have leaved, flowered, and borne the full and luscious fruit, there is no longer any contrariety of sentiment. All the world pronounce Fenelon, Channing, Florence Nightingale, Felix Neff, true children of God, and genuine disciples of Jesus.

There is, then, a central point to which our radii of sect and party and individual idiosyncrasy point, and where they meet and mingle in entire unanimity. What is that centre? It is Godlikeness. We may have a thousand opinions of what will create that perfection, but we can have but one and the self-same sentiment when we behold the glorious consummation and fruit of all efforts, prayers, doctrines, tasks, trials in the nature and holy life and character of a child of God.

The perception of this truth is a great advantage for charity, a smooth temper, and a cheerful courage while the processes of elaborating character are going on. It is enough to say, the work will declare itself of what sort it is. The good tree will be known when it bears good fruit—then, and not before. The bad tree will be detected, no matter what are its pretensions, when it puts forth leaves, blossoms, and its clusters of natural fruit.

Likeness to God! This was the highest of laws in the mouth of Christ: "Be ye therefore perfect as God is perfect." The Apostle caught up the same strain: "Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children; he that loveth, dwelleth in God, and God in him, for God is love."

The prince of the Greek philosophers penetrated this truth long ago, for he



said men become like the God whom they worship. The work of Christ was done when he said: "Behold the Heavenly Father; be like him." This was the grand atonement, or reconciliation: Be one with God, be like God, as I am one with God, and as I am like God.

Among Churches, that is the best which is most successful in making men like God. Among theologies, that is nearest the Master's thought and heart that raises the most human beings into the fairest, clearest Godlikeness. Among preachers, he is the king who moulds of the rough clay of humanity the divinest images of similitude to the First Fair and the First Good.

But it is said this is a weakness, to imitate anybody or anything. Copyists are always doomed to inferiority. We will then put the case differently. Godlikeness is the fulfillment of our being's end and aim. It is not a patch on nature. It is nature's own self fulfilled. It is to be most like ourselves to be most like God. We were cast in this mould; we were fabricated of this material; and we are predestinated to this end. As it is the destiny of a vine to bear grapes, and an oak acorns, so it is the ground-plan and ordinance of humanity to be assimilated to the Divinity. All arts, all sciences, all professions, all tasks and trials march in this road, and to this glorious destination. We live and breathe but for this purpose, that we may drink in more and more of this Divine Spirit, and approximate nearer to the life and likeness of God. Seasons revolve, and day and night interchange, only to waft us on this voyage, and carry us to this harbour.

God in man, and man in God—this is Christianity. This was the perfection of its Founder. This is the duty and toil of its disciples. This is success, and all other things are failure and defeat.

But how can the finite become the infinite? It cannot. But it can become like the infinite—*i.e.*, man may be perfect as man, as God is perfect as God. Man may live in this world as God would live in this world, if God were, for the time being, man. Jesus did live thus. He copied into the carpenter's shop, the fisherman's boat, the synagogue worship, the walk in the country, the publican's

dinner, the supper in the upper room, the cross of shame and pain—in all he said and did and suffered—the glorious characteristics and clear handwriting of the Divine, the Perfect and the Eternal. We are called in the like spirit, if not the same overt acts, to be the children of God. Over us, too, should be said, "These are my beloved sons and daughters, in whom I am well pleased."

The sum of all prayer is, Thy will be done. Yet it is not merely that we should obey the will of God, but that that will, in its potency and decisiveness, should utter its decrees as a Godlike force in us. There have been men in whom a certain divine will, for energy and lightning-like irresistibility, has manifested itself, and who say, with a grand totality of powers and forces, "I will it," as on one occasion Cromwell summed up all in one sentence: "And I did it." Such are true creatures and children of Him whose will is Almighty.

Love is another attribute in which we dwell in the narrow conditions of humanity. The affections have in them much of the Divine. He that loveth, knoweth God. All great acts of sacrifice, all uncalculating devotions, all life-long and self-forgetting attachments—the mother's love for her wayward son, the patriot's surrender of all, even life itself, for his country, the martyr's consecration for his Church—bespeak souls cast in a certain grand and heavenly mould, and destined to a nearer and nearer resemblance to the great Father and Mother of our humanity.

Benevolence, compassion, pity, and mercy are also gems in the same regal crown. When the philanthropist moves forth on his work of mercy; when the judge mixes pity with justice; when the king dispenses pardon for punishment; when the injured forget their injuries, and forgive their persecutors; when the poor remember and relieve those poorer than themselves, then and there bright scintillations of the uncreated glory lighten up the dark places of earth. John Howard making the surveys of the prison life of Europe; Felix Neff scaling the Alps to rescue souls for God; Miss Dix guaging the woes and wrongs of the insane; John Pounds teaching at his shoemaker's last his group of poor children;



Grace Darling snatching from a watery grave the drowning sailors; Clement Barclay pouring the light of love into the dark miseries of the war hospitals, are children of God by credentials more unerring than those of creed or Church.

In knowledge, too, as in love, we have traced man's high lineage from the King of kings and the Lord of lords. As he came from God, so he can rise to God. When, therefore, Leibnitz reads the laws of the universe; when Newton thinks again God's great thought of gravitation; when La Place reconstructs the celestial mechanism with his formulas; when Agassiz rereads God's meditations upon fishes and all animals, and Leibnitz pursues, through retort and crucible, the fugitive gleams of creative skill, we bow before these master intellects, and say, without blame, that they are God-like.

But when all is said and done, this pearl of great price is not afar, but is in our own mouth and in our own heart. Here and now each of us, without doing great and surprising things, may brighten each moment more and more into the splendour of the divine image. For, in choosing right instead of wrong; in doing good instead of evil; in lowly services, in humble but faithful labours; in living not for self, but for the good of all; in keeping bright, at least upon one altar, the spark of holy fire, and sending up, at least from one bosom, the response of a devout filial faith, may we, in shop or work-shop, in household or school, draw nearer to the glory and beauty of the Infinite Perfection.—*Christian Inquirer*.

#### OF HIM, AND THROUGH HIM, AND TO HIM.

REV. JAMES SHRIGLEY, some years since, was called to pass the night at an hotel in a small village. He inquired of the landlady what sects of Christians worshipped in the churches which were full in view from the window by which he was sitting. After informing him, she took the liberty to ask him to what denomination he belonged. He answered that he was a Universalist, and gave her some information respecting his belief and the people of his sect. She replied that she was not aware that there was

such a sect of Christians already in existence, but that she had often told her husband that such was St. Paul's manner of expression, that she thought there would those arise who would believe that he proclaimed this doctrine.

There are indeed large numbers who understand the Apostles' teaching as this woman thought they reasonably might, and among them there are as many well qualified to judge of the true import of his language as are found in any sect. There are many—and among them those whose learning and integrity would make them an honour to any class of Christians—who find no way to reconcile the language of St. Paul with any other doctrine than the final restoration of all things.

Dr. Samuel Johnson paraphrased the sentiment of the Apostle—"For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things"—in the following words:

"From God as the Source, through him as the Means or Instrument, and to him as the End, are all things." . . .

Rev. A. A. Livermore says in his comments on this text:

"A spirit of energetic hope and of boundless love heaves in the breast of the Apostle, and we can not reconcile his large and general terms with the supposition that there will not be a final restoration of the human family to virtue and happiness. . . . And where he enters the vast scenes of futurity, whether here or hereafter, he lifts up such a strain of devout and jubilant praise to the Almighty Father, as seems only to meet with its full justification in the restitution of all things, and the reconciliation of the whole family of mankind to the love, trust, and obedience of the holy and benevolent Father, through his Son Jesus Christ!"

Oldshausen, a German Commentator, writes as follows of this text and its immediate connection:

"This bold and powerful flight seems to have a foundation only on the supposition of an entire restoration. If only some, or but a few in all, are blessed, how is God's wisdom to become manifest in the result? But if all become blessed, without prejudice to free-will or justice, this assuredly appears as a miracle of God. The doctrine of a restitution has



very many passages of St. Paul's Epistles in its favour."

Such is the open testimony of the learned and honoured, as well as the secret thought of the unlearned and obscure.

### NOTHING TO THANK GOD FOR.

A LITTLE girl did not want to pray when she retired to rest. I do not like to tell you her true name, so I will call her Helen.

"Have you nothing to thank God for?" asked her mother.

"No," said Helen, "you and papa give me everything."

"Not for your pleasant home?" asked mother.

"It is my papa's house; he lets me live in it."

"Where did the wood come from to build it?" asked mother.

"From trees," answered Helen, "and they grew in big forests."

"Who planted the big forests? Who gave rain to water them? Who gave the sun to warm them? Who did not allow the winter to kill them, or the lightning to blast them? Who kept them growing from little trees to trees big enough to build houses with? Not papa; not man; it was God."

Helen looked her mother in the eye, and then said, "Papa bought nails to make it with."

"What are the nails made of?" asked mamma.

"Iron," answered Helen, "and men dig iron out of the ground."

"Who put iron in the ground, and kept it there safe till the men wanted it?" asked mother. "It was God."

"We got this carpet from carpet-men," said Helen, drawing her small fat foot across it.

"Where did the carpet-men get the wool to make it from?" asked mother.

"From farmers," answered Helen.

"And where did the farmers get it?"

"From sheep and lambs' backs," said the little girl.

"And who clothed the lambs in dresses good enough for us? for your dress I see is made of nothing but lamb's wool. The best thing we can get is their cast-off

dresses. Where did the lambs get such good stuff?"

"God gave it to them, I suppose," said the little girl."

"It is you that gives me bread mother," said she quickly.

"But," said her mother, "the flour we get from the store, and the store got it from the miller, and the miller took the wheat from the farmer, and the farmer had it from the ground, and the ground grew it all itself?"

"No," cried Helen, suddenly; "God grew it. The sun and the rain, the wind and the air are his, and he sent them to the cornfield. The earth is his too. And so God is at the bottom of everything; isn't he, mother?"

"Yes," said mother, "God is the origin of every good and perfect gift which we enjoy."

The little girl looked serious. She looked thinking. "Then, mamma," she said at last, "I can't make a prayer long enough to thank God for everything."

"And have you nothing to ask his forgiveness for?" asked the girl's mother.

"Yes," she said in a low tone, "for not feeling grateful, and trying to put Him out of my thoughts."

Helen never after that refused to pray.

### COMMON SENSE.

SHE came among the glittering crowd,  
A maiden fair without pretense,  
And when I asked her humble name,  
She whispered mildly, "Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew every eye,  
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather—  
And when they sneered she simply said,  
"I dress according to the weather."

They argued long, and reasoned loud,  
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious,  
While she, poor child, could not divine  
Why girls so young should be so serious.

They knew the length of Plato's beard,  
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn,  
She studied authors not so deep,  
And took the Bible for her pattern.

And so she said, "Excuse me, friends,  
I find all have their proper places,  
And Common Sense should stay at home  
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."

—James T. Fields.



### BECCARIA ON CRIMES AND PUNISHMENT.

"Every punishment which does not arise from absolute necessity," says the great Montesquieu, "is tyrannical."

What necessity can exist for the infliction of endless punishment by God? Is it necessary to subserve his glory?—"Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me," saith the Lord. Is it necessary for an example? How can it be when the state of those who witness it, is unalterably fixed? Is it necessary to magnify God's power in sight of the redeemed? Would not the salvation of the damned give evidence conclusive of Infinite Power? Is it necessary for the satisfaction of the angels? "There is joy in heaven when a sinner repents." Can heaven's joy be full while sinners are unrepentant? Is it necessary for the good of the punished? No good can result from their endless misery. If not necessary to enhance God's glory, for an example, to magnify God's power, for the joy of angels or for the good of the punished, it must be, I think, unnecessary, as far as God, angels, redeemed, and damned are concerned; hence, endless punishment is tyrannical. If tyrannical, what better is God than Satan, or Moloch, or the Goddess of the Thugs?

"No advantage in moral policy can be lasting which is not founded on the indelible sentiments of the heart of man."

What sentiment of justice, mercy, benevolence, or love, existing in man, would the sight and fact of endless punishment minister to? If God's character is but the source of man's pure sentiments, upon what sentiments of equity is his endless hatred of sinners founded?

"There ought to be a fixed proportion between crimes and punishment."

What proportion between the sin of dying with curses on the lips, and endless punishment therefore? Would it not be more wicked to inflict endless punishment than to die cursing? A boy was told, if he stole he would be burned for ever in hell. "Oh, no," he replied, "God would not use me so, for it would be meaner than stealing."

"Others have estimated crimes rather by the dignity of the person offended, than by their consequences to society. If this were the true standard, the smallest irreverence to the Divine Being ought to be punished with infinitely more severity than the assassination of a monarch."

Precisely the same principle is contended for by those who assert that sin is infinite because committed against an Infinite Being. The absurdities and the injustice that would follow from this reasoning need not be enumerated. Stealing a loaf of bread in this light would be as wicked and receive as severe punishment as murdering one's mother with malice aforethought.

"Can the groans of a tortured wretch recall the time past, or reverse the crime he has committed?"

No! Then is this not another reason why endless punishment is unnecessary, useless, tyrannical?

"The end of punishment, therefore, is no other

than to prevent the criminal from doing injury to society, and to prevent others from committing the like offence."

And yet, God by his dealing in hell with sinners, compels them to sin, while those who witness their wretched state, can receive or need no warning.

"The more immediately after the commission of a crime a punishment is inflicted, the more just and useful it will be. \* \* \* \* And immediate punishment is more useful; because the smaller the interval of time between the punishment and the crime, the stronger and more lasting will be the association of the two ideas of *crime* and *punishment*; so that they may be considered, one as the cause, and the other as the unavoidable and necessary effect."

Patrick Multahey stole a pig. His wife told him that he would be punished at the day of judgment. "An' if I knew that I'd kape clare of punishment till thin, be my sowl, I'd stole the sow and the whole litter of pigs!" Mr. Multahey expected to repent before the great day.

"Crimes are more effectually prevented by the certainty than the severity of punishment."

According to the common ideas of repentance to escape endless punishment, its threatenings fall with little force. If "Justice be in suspense," then one may sin with impunity—repent before death—making punishment extremely uncertain.

I might quote much more, on the punishment of death. I may do so another time.

I have been reading "Spare Hours," by Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh. It is pleasanter reading for me than Ramsey's "Scottish Life and Character." "Rob and his Friends;" "My Father's Memoir;" "St. Paul's Thorn in the Flesh," are very interesting. I never read a more interesting memoir than the one in this book. I like the style better than De Quincey's "Confession." The anecdotes are amusing. The father was accustomed to use in prayer, "that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death—that is, the devil." His master said to him: "John, you need not have said 'that is, the devil,'—you might have been sure that He knew whom you meant!"

Dr. Husband agreed, while walking upon a rough common with a student, to expound some knotty point. "Come away wi' me, and I'll expound that; but when I'm speaking, look you after my feet." The subject was God's grace. The Doctor and student both became absorbed in the theme, when the Doctor stumbled and fell. Getting up, somewhat sharply he said: "James, the grace o' God can do much, but it canna gie a man common sense!"

Dr. Ebenezer Brown one very cold and stormy day went to an appointment. On the way, thinking his sermon, he lost control of his pony, which threw him into a ditch. The old man was found by some carters who were carting whisky. "Puir auld man," said they, "what brocht ye here in sic a day?" After putting on his hat, knocking the snow balls from the pony's feet, one of the carters brought him a horn of whisky, saying, "Take that, it'll hearten ye." The old man took the drink, and bowing to his entertainers, said:



"Sirs, let us give thanks." And in that blinding snow storm, in the midst of those wild men, he asked a blessing on the gift and his deliverers. They cried like children. They repeated the story of the blessing to their friends with tears. "And to think o' askin' a blessin' on a tass o' whisky!"

Next meeting of the Presbytery, the Doctor said: "Moderator, I have often said, that real kindness belongs only to true Christians; but"—and here he told the story—"but more true kindness I never experienced than from these lads. They may have had the grace of God—I don't know; but I never mean again to be so positive in speaking of this matter."

### SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

BY THOMAS BOWRING.

What Locke was to the philosophy of mind, so was Newton to that of matter, confessedly the first. Pope's well-known line—

"God said, let Newton be, and all was light"—

is but the expression of a fact, startling as it may appear. Both these illustrious men were, however, something more than even philosophers. Christian, with them, was the highest style of man, and Christians they were in the sincerest belief, and the most consistent practice. They were also Unitarian Christians. The evidence for this is very clear, nay, indubitable. We have it from the most respectable contemporaneous authority, and from their acknowledged writings. No persons could have written as they did, and at the same time held the doctrines of reputed orthodoxy; whilst Newton spent much of his time on the subject of Scripture Chronology, making the Old Testament prophecies also objects of his study. He has recorded likewise his indubitable testimony against the Trinity. Newton and Locke were on very friendly terms for many years before the decease of the latter, freely communicating their thoughts and discoveries to each other; and though for a time a cloud interposed between them, and darkened as well as chilled their intercourse, each was too pure, too ingenuous, and too large-hearted to indulge continued resentment. If, literally, the sun went down on their wrath, they soon interchanged forgiveness, the misunderstanding rolled from their minds, and they again became fast friends. Sad indeed would it have been if two such illustrious characters had remained permanently estranged. They were disciples of the common Master. In understanding they were men, in malice children.

Isaac Newton, the subject of the ensuing brief sketch, was born near Grantham, 1642, and on the 25th December, answering to the 6th January of our style. His family had been long settled in Lincolnshire, and were of high reputation. Isaac's father, who died before the birth of his eminent son, farmed his own estate, a rather large one. The child was thus left to the sole guardianship of his mother, who, a few years after his birth, again married, her second husband being a clergyman of whom we know very little.

Isaac, who was very diminutive at his birth, so small as well as delicate, that his mother humorously remarked he could have been put into a quart pot, was at the early age of three, taken by his maternal grandmother, and by her was well treated and educated. She placed him for some years at the Free Grammar School of Grantham; but, in his fifteenth year, his step-father thinking he might be useful on the farm, took him home and endeavoured to instruct him in agricultural matters. Young Isaac would accompany a staid man-servant to market; but he frequently proved more than a match for the domestic's patience, for his mind ran on Mathematics and Mechanics, and instead of assisting to drive the cattle, or to attend to bargains for the wheat, he would loiter on the way to inspect mill-work, thus endeavouring to get at the secret of the machinery, or he would resort to a favorite garret in the town, and there bury himself among books of science. An uncle, a clergyman also, noticing the lad's singular capacity for calculation, persuaded his mother to send him to Trinity College, Cambridge, at which Bacon and Barrow, and afterwards Cotes were educated, and always celebrated for philosophical pursuits. To these great names must be added that of Newton, greater than either, perhaps than all, in the knowledge of nature, and the adaptation of this knowledge to the uses of life.

During the first six years of his Cambridge residence, Newton gave ample proofs of his vast superiority in Mathematics and everything relating to Natural Philosophy. But the history of his discoveries in Science does not fall in with our present purpose. In the time of the fearful plague of 1665, he thought it necessary to leave the crowded University with its damp, unwholesome atmosphere, and to go back to his mother's house; but he carried with him his intense love of study, and his determination to make his discoveries serviceable to his fellow-men. Here we are told that one day in the garden, watching the fall of an apple from the tree, he was led on by this simple circumstance to a knowledge of the law of gravitation—that law which, by causing everything to tend to the centre, keeps the sun and planets in their places, and regulates all the motions of the universe. Men are very fond of attributing to trivial things the commencement of great effects, and thus the story of Newton's apple has gained universal credence, though it is difficult to say how it originated; its foundation probably being no better than the saying also attributed to this great philosopher, on the destruction by his dog of some valuable manuscripts, "Oh, Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done." With good reason, his modern biographers disclaim the anecdote, for it appears he was for a long time sorely vexed and discomposed in consequence of the irreparable loss. We would not have it otherwise. Philosophers are, after all, but men. It was but natural that Newton should have keenly felt and long and sadly mourned this untoward accident. We love him not the less for this touch of human feeling; whilst we cannot but think both these stories more pretty than true.



Without staying to enumerate Newton's wonderful discoveries, or speak of their consequence to the world, it may be remarked that he was rather jealous of his fame, especially as he found some persons meanly attempted to undervalue them. He returned to the University on the cessation of the plague, and was soon after made Professor of Mathematics there. In this honourable post he appears to have spent many years tranquilly, yet laboriously employed in the interests of philosophy, composing many of his immortal works, perfecting mathematical instruments (particularly telescopes), and thus making those astonishing discoveries respecting light and motion which have given him a name that must endure to the end of time. In the reign of William the Third, and not long before that king's death, Newton was made Master of the Mint, an office of which the emoluments, though not large, were very acceptable, and the duties of which were of great importance as giving a control over the coinage of the realm. No man was at the time better qualified than he for such a post. In the discharge of his obligations, Newton was greatly assisted by Hopton Haynes, the assay master, a man of singular integrity, and who warmly sympathized in the Theological views of the Master of the Mint. Hopton Haynes is represented as one of the most zealous of Unitarians. It was whilst in this honourable and responsible office that Newton gave his mind more especially to religious and scriptural subjects. In the reign of Anne he was knighted, and was always much favoured by that sovereign, as by the two succeeding ones, the first and second Georges. The Princess, afterward Queen Caroline, likewise highly esteemed him. Sir Isaac's turn of thought was eminently devotional. He saw God in all things, in creation and in the discoveries he had made; he saw Jesus as the Messiah. He investigated ancient Chronology chiefly with a view to its application to Scripture history, and his method has proved eminently successful. He proved the spirits whether they were of God, by searching the New Testament freely yet reverentially, and by taking no doctrine on trust. He published a work entitled, "An Historical Account of two remarkable Corruptions in the New Testament"—I. John, v. 7, and I. Timothy, iii. 16—and he proved in each case forgery. Hopton Haynes, already mentioned, said to a very intimate friend that Sir Isaac "did not believe in our Lord's pre-existence, being a Socinian, as we call it, in that article;" and to Haynes himself Newton remarked, "The time will come when the doctrine of the incarnation, so commonly received, shall be exploded as an absurdity equal to transubstantiation." So of the baptismal commission, as it is termed—Matthew xxiii. 19—he says it is "the place from which they tried at first to derive the Trinity." We have also the testimony of the very honest and outspoken Whiston, who tells us that Sir Isaac could not, notwithstanding his cautious temper, "conceal so important a discovery," viz., that Trinitarianism was not the "old uncorrupt Christianity."

In the cases both of Locke and Newton we cannot but regret that these truly great men did

not perceive the duty, as we deem it, of openly avowing their belief, and coming out from, instead of yielding a nominal obedience to the claims of the English Church. Their reasons for remaining in communion with it were, no doubt, entirely satisfactory to themselves. One thing, however, is certain, they were not Athanasians, nor did they subscribe to the famous Athanasian Creed; and this fact, coupled with what we know of their learning, their piety, and their exalted Christian morality, is quite enough for us. We as Unitarians claim them as ours. They bore splendid testimony to our pure Scriptural faith, and they adorned the doctrine by their whole lives. To complete the resemblance between these admirable persons, Newton, as Locke, never married. Whilst he lived to the age of eighty, his life had been generally free from bodily pain, but he suffered acutely before he died, still with great patience and resignation to the Divine will. Though never very rich, he was of a generous disposition, and gave much in charity to the poor. His temper was mild, and he was kind to his domestics; yet he occasionally manifested warmth, though his resentments were short-lived. A fine marble statue of him is erected in Trinity College; and very recently another has been put up in the Market-place at Grantham, where he spent his boyhood. The genuine humility of his character is conspicuous in the remark made by him to one of his friends a little before he died—"I know not what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

#### A WORD ABOUT DRESS.

ONE of the gravest mistakes in our dress is the very thin covering of our arms and legs. No physiologist can doubt that the extremities require as much covering as the body. A fruitful source of disease; of congestion in the head, chest, and abdomen, is found in the nakedness of the arms and legs, which prevents a fair distribution of the blood.

A young lady has just asked me what she can do for her very thin arms. She says she is ashamed of them. I felt them through the thin lace covering, and found them freezing cold. I asked her what she supposed would make muscles grow. "Exercise," she replied. "Certainly, but exercise makes them grow only by giving them more blood. Six months of vigorous exercise would do less to give those naked, cold arms circulation, than would a single month, were they warmly clad."

The value of exercise depends upon the temperature of the muscles. A cold gymnasium is unprofitable. Its temperature should be between sixty and seventy, or the limbs should be warmly clothed. I know that our servant girls and blacksmiths, by constant and vigorous exercise acquire large, fine arms, in spite of their nakedness. And if young ladies will labour as hard from morning till night, as do these useful classes



they may have as fine arms ; but even then, it is doubtful if they would get rid of their congestions in the head, lungs, and stomach, without more dress upon the arms and legs.

Perfect health depends upon perfect circulation. Every living thing that has the latter, has the former. Put your hand under your dress upon your body. Now put your hand upon your arm. If your body is warmer than the arm, you have lost the equilibrium of circulation. The head has too much blood, producing headache or sense of fullness ; or the chest has too much blood, producing cough, rapid breathing, pain in the side, or palpitation of the heart ; or the stomach has too much blood, producing some disturbance ; or the bowels have too much blood, producing constipation or diarrhoea. Any or all of these difficulties are temporarily relieved by immersion of the feet or hands in hot water, and they are permanently relieved by such dress and exercise of the extremities as will make the derivation permanent.

Again I say, the extremities require as much clothing as the body. Women should dress their arms and legs with one or two thicknesses of knit woollen garments which fit them. The absurdity of loose flowing sleeves and wide spread skirts, I will not discuss.

Do you ask why the arms and legs may not be accustomed to exposure like the face. I answer, God has provided the face with an immense circulation, because it must be exposed.

A distinguished physician of Paris declared, just before his death, "I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practised my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been borne to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of naked arms." Those little arms should have thick, knit woollen warm sleeves extending from the shoulder to the hand.

Women are not more hardy than men. They walk on the same damp, cold earth. Their shoes must be as thick and warm. Calf or kip skin is best for the cold seasons. The soles should be half an inch thick ; in addition there should be a quarter of an inch of rubber. The rubber sole I have used for years, and would not part with it for a thousand dollars. It keeps out the damp, prevents slipping, and wears five times as long as leather of the same cost. For women's boots it is invaluable. But rubber shoes should be discarded. They retain the perspiration, make the feet tender, and give susceptibility to cold.

Stand on one foot, and mark around the outspread toes. Have your soles exactly the same width. Your corns will leave you. The narrow sole is the cause of most of our corns. A careful study of the anatomy of the foot, and the influence of a narrow sole, will satisfy every inquirer. The heel should be broad and long. Wear thick woollen stockings. Change them every day. Before retiring, dip the feet in cold water. Rub them hard. Hold the bottoms at the fire till they burn. Bathe them when taking the general bath in the morning. Do they perspire or emit an unpleasant odour ? Wash with soap twice a day. In a month the difficulty is removed.—  
*Dio Lewis, M.D.*

## HELL MEANS HELL!

LIKE many words that have been abused by theological use, the word *hell* has now entirely lost its ancient and scriptural meaning. It always now suggests in the lips of the preacher, "a world of woe." This is quite a modern meaning ; neither in the Old or New Testament did the words, *Sheol*, *Hades*, *Gehenna*, signify any such thing. Still we must be prepared to hear persons affirming as in the following dialogue, that *hell* means the world of everlasting woe :—

A. "I tell you, sir, hell means hell. That is the place for wicked men, sir. That is the world of woe, sir. And a man once in hell will never get out, sir!"

B. "Well, sir, I presume hell means hell. But what does the word *hell* really mean after all?"

A. "Mean ? I tell you it is the name of the eternal world of woe."

B. "So I hear you say. But is there any Saviour in hell?"

A. "Saviour ? No, sir. No redemption from hell."

B. "But I read in your creed that *Jesus* went to hell. And I read that the good *Jacob* expected to go to *sheol* and there to find his long-lost son *Joseph*. And in the same book I am told that *God* is in hell. 'If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there.'"

A. "But you need not quote such texts. I tell you there is no redemption from hell. A man once there must stay there for ever. Not a soul will ever escape!"

B. "But I read that *Jonah* was in hell before he died, and that he was rescued from it, and *David* tells the Lord that the power of hell got hold of him, and that he *had* delivered his soul from the lowest hell. And I find in the same good book that hell is itself to be destroyed. If hell is to be destroyed, men will not remain in it for ever, and if *David* and *Jonah* were delivered from its woes, there must be in some way redemption from hell."

A. "I tell you hell means hell, sir, and I won't talk any more about it."

B. "Well, sir, I would not advise you till you understand it better."

## MY CREED.

In God as the Father of all I believe,  
And while to his record in nature I cleave,  
More luminous still is the love I behold  
Unveiled in the truth that the Scriptures unfold.

To Christ as the Saviour of all I accord  
The reverence due to Redeemer and Lord ;  
And, highly exalted, I honour him most,  
The image of God in the heavenly host.

The Spirit Divine, with its quickening light,  
To me is an essence of holy delight ;  
For always ascendant, in age as in youth,  
The Comforter still is the Spirit of Truth.

I joyfully look for the era sublime  
When all of each nation, and kindred, and clime  
Shall dwell in the courts of the Father above.  
Subdued to the Son by the Spirit of Love.



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**REPENTANCE.**—The best repentance for duty neglected is to set about another that is in danger of being neglected.

**CONSCIENCE.**—Conscience, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on the death-bed.

**PLEASURE SEEKING.**—Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and shy. If we strive to grasp it, it still eludes us and still glitters. We perhaps seize it at last and find it rank poison.

**THE SIGN BOARD.**—Nudity and rags are only human idleness or ignorance out on exhibition. The cholera is but the wrath of God against uncleanness and intemperance.—*Horace Mann.*

**A DRUNKARD** is the annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the sport of wealth, the destruction of reason. He is the thief of his own substance, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble. He is his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbour's scoff, his own shame. He is the spirit of unrest, a thing below a beast, and a monster of a man.

**TO YOUNG MEN.**—Shall the young man, now conscious of the largeness of his sphere, and of the sovereignty of his choice, wed the low ambitions of the world, and seek with their emptiness to fill his immortal desires? Because he has a few animal wants that must be supplied, shall he become all animal—an epicure and an inebriate—and blasphemously make it the first doctrine of his catechism—"the chief end of man"—*to glorify his stomach, and to enjoy?*—*Horace Mann.*

**THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF SAINTS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.**—The following is the copy of a bill for certain repairs done to the Images in Winchester Cathedral, in the year 1552:—

	s. d.
To soldering and repairing St. Joseph .. ..	2 0
Cleaning and ornamenting the Holy Ghost .. ..	2 3
Cleaning the Virgin Mary both before and behind and making a new child .. ..	6 9
Screwing a nose on the Devil, putting horns on his head, and a bit on his tail .. ..	8 6
TOTAL .. ..	19 6

**BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.**—A pupil of the Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers: What is gratitude? Gratitude is the memory of the heart. What is hope? Hope is the blossom of happiness. What is the difference between hope and desire? Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flowers, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit. What is eternity? A day without yesterday or to-morrow; a day without end. What is time? A line that has two ends—a path that begins in the cradle and ends in the grave. What is God? A necessary being, the sun of eternity—the machinist of nature, the eye of justice—the matchless power of the Universe—the soul of the world. Does God reason? Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates, he desires. God is omniscient; He never doubts: therefore never reasons.

**A MEEK PRIEST.**—The Rev. J. C. Colville Husband, one of the Sherborne clergy, has addressed a letter to Dr. Williams, of that town, in which he says:—"You complain of your coupling the names of 'ministers of all denominations' with the bishop and clergy of the diocese, in a toast given by you at a dinner of a benefit society being considered disrespectful to the bishop and clergy, and you say that in giving that toast you did 'not call upon the clergy to recognise the teaching of any form of error.' Here I join issue with you. I consider that calling laymen, and worse schismatic teachers, 'ministers,' is acknowledging their several forms of error to be branches of the Church of Christ, when the Holy Scriptures call such the followers of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, the synagogue of Satan. That their teaching is contrary to God's word has been over and over again proved in various controversial works, citations from which would take up too much time for a quotation in a letter: therefore I shall merely quote one or two passages of Holy Writ, speaking plainly to all but prejudiced, warped and ignorant minds, the same truth:—"These be they who separate themselves." "I am of Paul, I of Apollos, I of Cephas." "Having itching ears heap to themselves teachers." Could there be a plainer prophecy of the future appearance in latter days of Independents or Brownists than this latter? Is not the heaping to themselves teachers the distinguishing mark, yea, the boast of your sect of schismatics, the grand 'Independent principle?' Sir, you well know, however much you may endeavour to shuffle over it, that the form of toast is an innovation here, whatever Jew lord mayors in London, or worldly, or dissenting, or loose, self-called Churchmen may have done at Salisbury (for those who can break their Church's rules, and feast and drink toasts in the penitential season of Lent, I can well conceive guilty of such an action.) Your pity is all cant, the usual twang of schismatics. As I cannot, even for politeness sake, conscientiously consent to acknowledge schismatics as sections of the Church of Christ, so likewise I can see no assumption in the duly ordained ministers of the Church, considering them (as in duty bound) mere laymen, who have taken upon themselves to falsely call each other ministers of Christ's Church—assuming a character to which they have no claim. Sir, I would 'maintain and set forward, as much as lieth in me, peace and love among all Christian people.' But who are the aggressors? You, sir! and your sect. Who was it, in August last, that with blatant bluster, misrepresented and falsely stated circumstances throughout the length and breadth of the land? Who? Why, sir, (you're mealy-mouthed when it suits your occasion) Independents, Baptists, Socinians, Mormons, *et hoc genus omne!* Faugh; such cant is sickening from such a source (*sic*.)

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Printed by W. ROBINSON, High-street, Stockton.